

office until his death, March 24, 1890. His judicial career was distinguished by high moral courage, as well as professional ability, and he was regarded as one of the leading jurists of the State. He was a descendant of John Jackson, an Irishman who settled in Maryland about 1748, and twenty years later removed to the Buckhannon river region, western Virginia. His son Edward was the grandfather of Judge William L. Jackson, also of Gen. Stonewall Jackson. His elder son, George, member of Congress, was the ancestor of John G. Jackson, M. C., Gen. John J. Jackson, U. S. A., a famous Whig leader, and Jacob J. Jackson, governor of West Virginia. The younger son of the original settler was Edward, whose son, Col. William L. Jackson, married Harriet Wilson, and became the father of Judge William L. Jackson. Jonathan, another son of Edward, was the father of the immortal Stonewall Jackson.

Brigadier-General Albert Gallatin Jenkins was born in Cabell county, Va., November 10, 1830, and was educated at the Virginia military institute and Jefferson college, Pa., being graduated at the latter institution in 1848. He then entered upon the study of law at Harvard college, and in 1850 was admitted to the bar, but never practiced the profession, returning instead to his extensive plantation. But he did not entirely devote himself to agriculture, taking an active and influential part in public affairs. He was a delegate to the National Democratic convention of 1856, and was then elected to the United States Congress, serving in the Thirty-fifth and Thirty-sixth Congresses, from 1857 to 1861. Upon the secession of Virginia he heartily supported his State, and while a soldier was elected as one of the representatives of Virginia in the first congress of the Confederate States, which met at Richmond, February, 1862. Here he creditably performed his duties, but it was mainly as a daring and chivalrous cavalry

officer that he is remembered. He organized a company of mounted men at the beginning of hostilities, and soon gained the general attention by raiding Point Pleasant, in the latter part of June, and making prisoners of a number of prominent gentlemen who were conspicuous in the movement for the separation of the State. In the battle of Scary Creek, July 18th, he saved the day at a critical moment; soon had the command of a colonel, became lieutenant-colonel of the Eighth cavalry regiment, and was recognized as one of the leaders in the military occupation of the Kanawha valley by the Virginia forces. After Wise and Floyd had retired to Greenbrier county he remained in the Guyandotte valley, fighting for his home and the Old Dominion. He was promoted brigadier-general August 5, 1862, and in the latter part of August and the first of September made a daring raid through western Virginia, and was the first to unfurl the flag of the Confederate States in Ohio. In his report of this achievement General Loring wrote: "That brilliant and enterprising general executed the plan with such success that in his march of 500 miles he captured 300 prisoners, destroyed many garrisons of home guards and the records of the Wheeling and Federal governments in many counties, and after arming his command completely with captured arms, destroyed at least 5,000 stand of small-arms and immense stores. Prosecuting at least 20 miles of his march in the State of Ohio, he exhibited, as he did elsewhere in his march, a policy of such clemency as won us many friends, and tended greatly to mitigate the ferocity which had characterized the war in this section. The conduct of his officers and men has received my unqualified approbation, and deserves the notice and thanks of the government." In March, 1863, Jenkins made another brilliant raid to the Ohio river, and three months later he was on the Susquehanna, before the capital of Pennsylvania. In May he was ordered into the Shenandoah valley, in command of the cavalry, with

headquarters at Staunton, and in June was ordered northward to report to General Ewell, with whom he co-operated in the defeat of Milroy at Winchester. He fought at Bunker Hill, and at Martinsburg led the advance guard of the army to Chambersburg and made a reconnaissance to Harrisburg. He was wounded on the second day of the Gettysburg battle, but his men, under the command of Colonel Ferguson, won approval in the cavalry fight of July 3d, and during the retreat to Virginia, especially at Williamsport, under the eye of Stuart. In the fall General Jenkins returned to the department of Western Virginia, and in the spring of 1864 was stationed at the narrows of New river. Falling back before Gen. George Crook he collected a force at Cloyd's mountain, where a gallant fight was made, on May 9th. In the heat of the conflict General Jenkins fell, seriously wounded, and was captured and paroled by the enemy. A Federal surgeon amputated his arm at the shoulder, but he was unable to withstand the shock and died soon afterward.

Brigadier-General John McCausland, one of the most conspicuous figures in the warfare in the valley of the Shenandoah and on the borders of Virginia, held important Confederate commands, and gained a national reputation as a brilliant leader and persistent fighter. He is the son of John McCausland, a native of county Tyrone, Ireland, who came to America when about twenty-one years of age, and first made his home at Lynchburg, with David Kyle, whose daughter Harriet he subsequently married. He became a prominent merchant and finally resided at St. Louis, where he rendered valuable service as commissioner of taxation. His son, John McCausland, was born at St. Louis, September 13, 1837, and in 1849 went with his brother to Point Pleasant, Mason county, where he received a preparatory education. He was graduated with first honors in the class of 1857 at the Virginia military institute, and subsequently acted as

assistant professor in that institution until 1861. Upon the secession of Virginia he organized the famous Rock-bridge artillery, of which he was elected commander; but leaving Dr. Pendleton in charge of that company, he made his headquarters at Charleston, in the Kanawha valley, under commission from Governor Letcher, with the rank of lieutenant-colonel, for the organization of troops in the military department of Western Virginia. He gathered about 6,000 men for the commands of Generals Wise and Floyd, who subsequently operated in that region, and formed the Thirty-sixth regiment, Virginia infantry, of which he took command, with a commission as colonel. This regiment, made up of the best blood of the western Virginia counties, was distinguished under his leadership in the campaign of Floyd's brigade in West Virginia, and in the latter part of 1861 moved to Bowling Green, Ky., to unite with the army of Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston. At Fort Donelson, Colonel McCausland commanded a brigade of Floyd's division, and after bearing a conspicuous part in the gallant and really successful battle before the fort, brought away his Virginians before the surrender. After reorganizing at Nashville, he remained at Chattanooga with his command until after the battle of Shiloh, when he moved to Wytheville, Va. During 1862 and 1863 he was engaged in the campaigns in southwestern and western Virginia and the Shenandoah valley, under Generals Loring, Echols and Sam Jones, taking a conspicuous part in the battle at Charleston, September, 1862. Early in May, 1864, he was ordered by Gen. A. G. Jenkins to move his brigade from Dublin to meet the Federal force advancing under General Crook from the Kanawha valley. He took position on Cloyd's farm, where he was reinforced by General Jenkins, and attacked by the enemy May 9th. After several hours' fighting, Jenkins was mortally wounded and the Confederate line was broken by the superior strength of the enemy. Colonel McCausland

assumed command and made a gallant fight, forming two new lines successively, and finally retired in good order, repulsing the attacks of the Federal cavalry, and carrying with him 200 prisoners. In this battle the Federals outnumbered the Confederates three to one. By his subsequent active movements, General McCausland delayed the contemplated juncture of Crook and Hunter and rendered the Federal movement upon Dublin a practical failure. He was immediately promoted brigadier-general and assigned to the command of Jenkins' cavalry brigade. After the battle at Port Republic, June 5th, he stubbornly contested the advance of the Federals under Hunter and Crook, all the way to Lynchburg, his command of about 1,800 men being the only organized force in the front of the enemy. His tenacious contest saved the city, and in recognition of his services the citizens presented him an address of congratulation, accompanied by a handsome cavalry officer's outfit, horse, sword and spurs. Early arrived from Cold Harbor in time to relieve McCausland from the pressure of the Federal troops, and McCausland and his troopers were soon upon their heels, intercepting Hunter at Falling Rock, and capturing his artillery and wagon train. Sweeping on down the valley, he was a conspicuous figure in the July raid through Maryland, levying \$25,000 tribute from Hagerstown, winning a handsome cavalry fight at Frederick City, and made the first attack at the ford of the Monocacy across which Gordon moved to strike the Federal flank at the defeat of Wallace. Joining in the demonstration against Washington, D. C., the daring commander actually penetrated into the town of Georgetown, but was compelled to retire before the Federal reinforcements. He returned with Early's army to the Shenandoah valley, and soon afterward was ordered to make a raid upon Chambersburg, Pa., and destroy it in retaliation for the destruction which attended the operations of the Federals in the valley. This duty he faithfully

performed. In command of a brigade of Lomax's cavalry division he participated in the Valley campaign against Sheridan, and subsequently, attached to Rosser's division, fought before Petersburg, made a gallant struggle at the decisive battle of Five Forks, during the retreat was engaged in continuous fighting, and finally cutting his way through the Federal lines at Appomattox, brought a number of his men to Lynchburg, where he once more saved the city from rapine by repressing the efforts of the stragglers that infested the suburbs. After the close of hostilities he spent a year or two in Europe and Mexico, and then returned to Mason county, where he has ever since resided in quiet upon his farm at Grimm's landing.

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JOSEPH BROWN.

The Brown relationship trace their ancestry to Joseph Brown, whose wife was Hannah M'Afferty. They lived a few years in Bath County, on the Bull Pasture; thence removed and settled on lands now owned by the Mann family, near Edray. Some fruit trees and a fine spring indicate the spot where they lived, about three-fourths of a mile east of the Mann residence.

Mr Brown died a few years after settling here, but was survived by his widow for many years. She became suddenly blind, and remained so for twenty years. She spent her time in knitting, and taught many of her grand-daughters to knit. Among them was the late Mrs Thomas Nicholas. Mrs Nicholas would often tell how her grandmother would take her little hands into hers and put them through the motions until she could knit herself. A few years before her decease, Mrs Brown recovered her sight as quickly as she had lost it, and could count chickens and geese forty yards away.

The widow Brown's daughters Polly and Hannah lived and died at the old home.

Rachel Brown was married to William Brock, and settled on the homestead.

Ann Brown became the wife of Jeremiah Friel.

Elizabeth Brown married a Mr McGuire, and lived in Nicholas.

Joseph Brown, Senior, went to Nicholas County. His son Wesley Brown—a Confederate soldier—was

at Edray during the great war between the States, and made himself known to his relatives.

John Brown was a soldier in the war of 1812, and never returned.

Josiah Brown, in whose memory this sketch is specially prepared, was the eldest of Joseph Brown's sons, and he married Jennie Waddell, near Millpoint. He was born June 22, 1777, his wife was born April 4th, 1771; married in 1799, and settled on the western section of the Brown homestead. They were the parents of seven daughters.

Eleanor Brown, born August 6, 1802, was married to Zechariah Barnett, from Lewis County, West Virginia. In reference to her family the following particulars are given: John Wesley and John Andrew Barnett died young, and Josiah Barnett. Sarah Jane Barnett was married to George McLaughlin, late of Driftwood. He was a Confederate soldier. Hannah Barnett married William Townsend. Martha Barnett, lately deceased. James, Thomas, Stephen, and Newton Barnett are well known citizens near Driftwood. The three first named were Confederate soldiers.

Hannah Brown was married to Jacob Arbaugh, who was from near Millpoint, and first settled on Sugartree Run, a part of the Brown homestead. Her children were Eliza Jane, Susannah Sinms, Lauretta Frances, Nancy Caroline, John Allen, George Brown, James Marion, William Hanson, and Joseph Newton. John A. Arbaugh was a Confederate soldier, and died in 1861, at the Lockridge Spring, near Driscoll. George and James passed through the war. George Arbaugh

was in the 31st Regiment of Virginia Infantry.

Shortly after the war, Jacob Arbaugh moved to Jackson County, Missouri, which he jocularly referred to as his twentieth change of homes since his marriage.

Jennie Brown, born October 9, 1805, was married to John Friel, son of Jeremiah Friel the pioneer, and settled on a section of the Friel homestead on the Greenbrier River,

Ann Brown, born December 9, 1806, was married to James Courtney, and first settled on a part of the homestead. Their children were Andrew Jackson, Thomas, George Washington, Hanson, who died at the age of six years; Jane, who is now Mrs Adam Geiger; Julia, who is now Mrs James Rhea; and Hannah, who is now Mrs Godfrey Geiger. Andrew Courtney was a Confederate soldier, and died a prisoner of war at Fort Delaware. Thomas Courtney was also a Confederate soldier, survived the war, and now lives near Marlinton. George W. Courtney was a Confederate soldier, survived the war, but died near Buckeye in 1887.

Martha Brown, born February 14, 1808, was married to William Waugh, son of Samuel Waugh, the pioneer, and settled at the old home. Martha was known in her family as "daddy's boy," since she was constantly out of doors with her father. She could harness the teams, plough, or drive the sled, as occasion required. She was the mother of ten children: Davis, Zane, Robert, Enos, Ozias, William Clark, Jane Miriam, Mary Ann, and Almira. She died in Missouri, having lived awhile in Upshur County, West

Virginia, then in Iowa.

Miriam Brown was born August 6, 1810, was first married to James Walker Twyman, a native of Augusta County. Mr Twyman was a school teacher. They first settled on Elk, where they lived two or three years. The land he worked on Elk had been a part of David Hannah's. Mr Twyman put out a field of corn that grew finely and was very promising, but early in August there was a heavy frost; he became discouraged, gave up his land, and moved to Greenbrier River to land given them by Joseph Brown. Here he taught school; having the Friels, Moores, and Sharps for pupils. Mr Twyman had business in Huntersville the 17th of January, 1834, and on his return was drowned in Thorny Creek. The Greenbrier home was just above the "Bridger Place." Their daughter Mary Frances is now Mrs Otho W. Ruckman, on Indian Draft.

Mrs Twyman's second marriage was to the late Thomas Nicholas, on the Indian Draft, near Edray. Mr Nicholas was a skillful mechanic—a much respected and prosperous citizen.

Mary Brown was born April 13, 1812, and was married to Jacob Waugh, and lived in Buckhannon. She was the mother of fifteen children—five only lived to be grown. Her sons were Brown, Enoch, Homer, and John William. The daughter, Leah Waugh, was the third wife of the late Dr Pleasant Smith, of Edray.

The history of Josiah Brown was one of humble toil and self sacrifice for the good of his family. In the

course of his life he endured great personal suffering and afflictions. He was bitten twice by rattlesnakes when in the ranges looking after his live stock. Once he was with his neighbor, William Sharp, who cared for him and helped him home. The second time he was alone, and it is believed he saved his life by putting his lips to the punctures and sucking out the poison. Finally, a strange sore appeared in the corner of one of his eyes and spread over most of the right side of his face. Many believed this was the result of the snake bites. It caused him excruciating sufferings, that were greatly intensified by the efforts of sympathizing, well meaning friends to cure him.

Sad and pathetic memories of his brother, John Brown, seemed to be ever haunting his mind, and the tears seemed to be ever ready to flow at the mention of his name. In the war of 1812 Josiah Brown was drafted for service at Norfolk, Virginia. John Brown a younger brother, being unmarried, volunteered in his brother's place and was accepted, and was ordered to report for service at the Warm Springs. John seems to have been a very pious youth. On the evening before his departure for the seat of war, he came over to his brother Josiah's to bid them all farewell and have one more season of prayer and supplication. Then as he went away over the fields he was heard singing, "When I can read my title clear." This was the last ever seen or heard of him by his brother Josiah's family, as he never came back from the war.

Truly, Josiah Brown's history is a sad and touching one. He now knows, no doubt, what Moses meant

when he prayed: "Make me glad according to the days wherein thou hast afflicted me and the years wherein I have seen evil."

WILLIAM AULDRIDGE.

William Auldrige, Senior, the ancestor and founder of the family relationship of that name in our county, was a native of England. His mother, who by her second marriage became Mrs John Johnson, a pioneer of Marlinton, lived to be more than one hundred years of age. His wife was Mary Cochran. Mr Auldrige built up a home at the Bridger Notch, and it is believed the old barn stood on the spot where one of the Bridger boys died. This place is now owned by William Auldrige, a grandson.

There were six sons and three daughters: Sarah, Elizabeth, Nancy, Thomas, William, John, Samuel, James, and Richard.

Thomas Auldrige, the eldest son, when in his prime was considered one of the strongest men physically in West Pocahontas. The first revelation of his strength was at a log rolling. The champion of the day attempted to take young Auldrige's handspike—which was a fancy article of its kind. The young athlete picked up both the champion and the disputed handspike and laid them on the log heap, with apparent ease.

Upon his marriage with Elizabeth Morrison, daughter of James Morrison, on Hills Creek, Thomas Auldrige leased lands now owned by John R. Poage near

Clover Lick, where he spent most of his working days. He then bought of Jacob Arbaugh and Captain William Young, near Indian Draft, and opened up the property now owned by his son, Thomas Auldridge. The sons of Thomas Auldridge, Senior, were James, William, Thomas, and the daughters were Sarah, Elizabeth, and Mary.

James Auldridge, the eldest son, first married Mary Ann Barlow, and settled on land now occupied by Nathan Barlow, and then moved to the home near Edray where he now resides. His children were Henry, Miriam, Elizabeth, Moffett, and George. He was sadly bereaved of his first family by the ravages of disease, one son George, alone was spared. James' second wife was Julia A. Duncan, a grand daughter of Colonel John Baxter. One daughter, Mary, now Mrs Lee Carter. George Auldridge, the survivor of the first family, married Huldah Cassel, and lives on the homestead near Edray.

William Auldridge married Elizabeth Moore, and settled on a part of the homestead. Their children were Malinda, Hanson, and Eliza.

Thomas Auldridge, Junior, married Catherine Moore and lived on the homestead. Two daughters, Mrs Margaret Hannah, on Bucks Run, and Mrs Ida McClure, who lives on a part of the old homestead.

Sarah Auldridge, daughter of Thomas Auldridge, Senior, married the late J. Harvey Curry, near Frost. Her life is believed to have been shortened by the exposure and exertion due to the burning of the home near Frost. Her son Ellis Curry married Miss Rock,

and lives near Dummore. William Curry went to Missouri. Mary Curry married Benjamin Arbogast, and lives near Greenbank. Emma Curry married William T. McClintic, and lives near Beverly. Bessie married J. K. B. Wooddell, and lives in Ritchie County.

Elizabeth Auldridge married Henry Moore and lives near Driftwood.

Mary Ann Auldridge married William Moore, of Elk. One daughter, Ann Moore, survives her.

William Auldridge, Junior, married Nancy Kellison and settled on the Greenbrier, two miles below the mouth of Swago. Their only child, Martha, married Geore Hill, son of Abram Hill of Hills Creek. While he was in service in 1861 at Valley Mountain he contracted the measles. He came home and his wife took down also with the same disease, and the two died within a week of each other, leaving a daughter, who is now Mrs Robert Shafer. William Auldridge's second wife was a Miss Shafer. Her son, James Edgar Auldridge, lives on the homestead.

John Auldridge married Rebecca Smith, who is particularly mention in the memoirs of John Smith, of Stony Creek.

Samuel Auldridge, son of William Auldridge the ancestor, married Miriam Barlow and settled at the Bridger Notch, finally on Greenbrier River near Stamping Creek. His children by the first marriage were William, John, and Mary Ann. Mary Ann died young. John was a Confederate soldier and was killed in battle. William lives at Millpoint.

Samuel Auldridge's second wife was Susan Grimes.

Mention is made of her family in the Grimes memoir.

James Auldridge was a tailor by occupation, worked awhile at Frankford, and then went to Missouri.

Richard Auldridge, youngest son of William the ancestor, married Hannah Smith, daughter of John Smith.

Sarah Auldridge married William McClure, and settled on the Greenbrier River, below Beaver Creek. Their children were James, Rachel, Mary, and Bessie. Rachel became Mrs Jacob Pyles; Mary, Mrs George Overholt, on Swago. Bessie died in her youth. James McClure was married three times: First wife, Miss McComb; second, Miss Pyles; and third, Miss Frances Adkinson. He lives on the homestead.

Elizabeth Auldridge married Jacob McNeil, and settled in Floyd County, Virginia.

Nancy Auldridge was married to the late Moore McNeil, on Swago.

Thus closes for the present the chronicles of this worthy man's family. The writer would make mention of the assistance given him by James Auldridge and his son George.

The venerable man whose history we have been tracing—as illustrated by his descendants—was a very estimable person. He was an ever busy, industrious, and exemplary citizen. His influence was ever for sincere piety, strict honesty, and quiet judicious attention to his own concerns. These same qualities characterize many of his worthy posterity. Early in his manhood he was greatly disabled by a falling tree and was seriously crippled for life; and yet the work he

and his children accomplished in opening up abundant homes, under difficulties, is truly remarkable and worthy of special appreciation. He loved to hunt, and on one occasion came near being killed by a panther from which he escaped with difficulty.

Mr Auldridge, owing to his disabled condition, became a school teacher, and pursued that vocation for years, and did much good in that line. When he died at an advanced age several years since, the common remark was that one of our best old men had gone from us.

CHRISTOPHER HEROLD.

Among the prosperous citizens of Pocahontas County in its early development, Christopher Herold deserves recognition of a special character. He was of pure German parentage—his immediate ancestry came from the Fatherland, settling in Pennsylvania, thence removing to Virginia. Though he could not read English, no one would have suspected it, so well posted he seemed to be in political matters and current affairs. His powers of memory were surprising, and his business sagacity was equal to any of his contemporaries. He was honest and enterprising. He and his sons accumulated an immense landed estate on Elk, Douthards Creek, and other places, amounting to many thousands acres.

Christopher Herold married Elizabeth Cook, of Pendleton County, and soon after their marriage located on Back Creek, now known as the Thomas

and the privations he and his family had to endure would seem unbearable now. He was kind and hospitable to a fault, ready to share the last he had with the visitor that might desire shelter and food. He was much esteemed by all of his acquaintances.

Finally the end came. One of the prettiest places near his home was selected and they placed him to sleep under the green sod that his own hands had helped to clear away.

JOSEPH HANNAH.

Among the earliest settlers of the Elk region was Joseph Hannah, a son of David Hannah, who lived at the mouth of Locust Creek. He married Elizabeth Burnside and early in the century settled on the "Old Field Fork of Elk."

His home was on Mill Run near where William Hannah, a grandson, now lives. This immediate vicinity seems to have been a place of more than ordinary importance in prehistoric times. One of the most frequented Indian trails seems to have been from Clove, Lick up the Creek to the Thomas Spring; thence over the mountain, crossing at the notch near Clark Rider's farm; thence down by James Gibson's to Elk. Here is the "Magic Circle," mentioned elsewhere in this book. Nearly a mile further down was the encampment where about two acres of land had been denuded of trees for camp fires, and this was the "old field" that gave this branch of Elk its name; and was the first piece of ground planted by Joseph Hannah.

Mr and Mrs Hannah reared a large family of well-behaved, industrious children. This family did a good part in the industrial development of this thrifty section of our county. In reference to their children the following particulars are given.

Joseph, William, Robert, and Sally died in childhood or early youth.

John Hannah married Mary Sharp, daughter of Joseph Sharp, near Frost. Their children were Sarah Jane, who became Mrs Aaron Fowlkes; Margaret Elizabeth, who was married to the late John Hall; Rachel Ann was married to the late George Gibson, near Marlinton; Martha Susan, now Mrs James Gibson; Amanda Pleasant, the wife of William Lee Hambrick; Mary Ellen, who died young. Joseph Bryson Hannah, late a merchant at Frost. Sheldon Clark Moore, on lower Elk, whose wife was Martha Moore. His children are named Georgiana, Davis, Albert, Virgie, Effie, Clark, Hugh, Feltner, Jane, Lee, and Frederick. Andrew Warwick Hannah, whose wife was Dora Hannah, daughter of Henry White, of Driscoll. Their children Levie, Sadie, Lucy, Mary, Maggie, Bessie, and Marvin. William Hamilton Hannah, who married Sarah White, sister of the person just mentioned. Their children: Andrew, William, Myrta, Forrest, Bryson, Carrie. George Luther Hannah married Emma Bell McClure, daughter of Arthur McClure, of Locust. She expired suddenly while attending public worship in Mary Gibson Chapel a few years ago. Henry Hannah, Peter Hannah, and John Hannah, Junior, died young, during the late sad war between the States of our

glorious Union.

David Hannah, son of the "Old Field" pioneer, married Hester Sicafoose, from lower Crabbottom, and settled on Elk. In reference to their children we have the following information:

Sarah Hannah was married to Silas Sharp and settled near Linwood. Her son, Luther David, is a well-known merchant at the old homestead. Her daughter Mary Ella Frances is the wife of Robert Gibson, and Melinda Catherine is the wife of J. E. Hannah, at the "Old Field." Henry Hannah married Margaret McClure, and is now a merchant at Renick's Valley, Greenbrier County. Another son, Rev George Hannah, married Leah Grimes, and his late residence was in Upshur County. Melinda is now Mrs John Rose, and resides in Webster County near the Randolph border. Mary was married to Samuel Gibson, and settled near the homestead. Otho and Joseph Hannah died young.

Jane Hannah, daughter of the pioneer, was married to Joseph Barlow, one of the sons of John Barlow, and lived on Red Lick Mountain, settling in the unbroken forest, and built up a nice home. In connexion with clearing many acres of dense forest, he had a tannery, a blacksmith shop, cooper shop, made and repaired shoes, and could do neat cabinet work and carpenter work also. The number and variety of fruit trees planted about his home is the wonder and admiration of all that have ever seen his orchard.

Elizabeth Hannah was married to Dr Addison Moore and lived near Edray.

Mary Hannah was married to Henry Buzzard, and settled on Cummings Creek, near Huntersville.

Joseph Hannah was a person of impressive personal appearance. His memory was remarkably retentive, and his conversational powers something wonderful. He had committed to memory, it is believed by some, the greater portion of the Bible, and he could recite the Scriptures for hours at a time,—having a special preference for the historical narratives of the patriarchs and the wanderings of the Israelites and the conquest of the Promised Land under Joshua. He saw in these historical narratives illustrations of the life now to be lived by Christian people, and it was one of the greatest pleasures of his old age to have his neighbors assemble and repeat these narratives in their presence.

Some years since an article written by a distinguished minister in Bath County stated that Simon Girty, the renegade was summarily put to death by being burned in a log heap by an enraged and desperate body of men in the Little Levels. Joseph Hannah was referred to as an eye witness of the dreadful affair, or as having some personal knowledge of it. Mr Hannah's children say they never heard their father say a word about such an occurrence happening to anybody in this county, under any circumstances of provocation whatever. Simon Girty's grave is now to be seen near the city of Detroit, so he was not burned in a Pocahontas log heap.

When a mere lad Joseph Hannah was sent by his father to Elk, to look after the live stock in the range.

He often went to fort with his family in his youth and early manhood. He was remarkably active in his movements, and very fleet of foot. He would often tell of a jump he made when a practical joke, or 'trick' as he called it, was played on him by Richard Hill, Adam Bumgardner, one Mullins, and a colored man named Dick. Young Hannah and Dick were hoeing corn. The jokers explained to Dick what they were up to, and Dick cheerfully promised to act his part. While the two were hoeing away, a shot was fired from ambush. Dick fell and made a dreadful outcry, rolled and kicked about in seemingly terrible agony. Young Joseph Hannah fled precipitately towards the house and in the race leaped a gully. When matters came to be understood and quiet restored, the leap was measured, and it was forty-two feet from track to track. Mr Hannah was fond of telling his friends that he had "jumped the decree." "Decree" mean what "record" now means in races and athletic games. In "jumping the decree" he "broke the record" by two feet.

When the writer first remembers seeing Mr Hannah he was of very venerable appearance. His gray hair was combed back and plaited in a cue that hung down between his shoulders. The last time I ever saw him we were spending the night at Sampson Ocheltree's, in the winter of 1849. The two old men were in busy conversation until a late hour, and most of the talk was about the children of Israel and the dealings of God. The fire was getting low, the candle about burned out, when Mother Ocheltree observed it was about time to

get ready for bed. At this suggestion Mr Hannah arose and in a very soft solemn tone repeated and then sang a hymn. He then knelt in prayer and poured out his full heart in humble, trusting prayer, in the tone and manner of a loving child to a kind and more loving father. The memory of that prayer, heard fifty years ago, imparts a pleasant glow to my feelings while writing these memorial sentences.

DANIEL MCCOLLAM.

One of the oldest families in our county is that of the McCollam relationship. While it is not certain, yet there is good reason to believe that the pioneer ancestor was named Dan. McCollam. From some interesting correspondence had by James McCollam's family with a lady in New Hampshire there is no reason to question that he was of Scotch-Irish descent, and the son of a physician a graduate of the University of of Edinburg, and lived in New Jersey. The name of the pioneer's wife cannot be recalled.

Mr McCollam, the ancestor, came from New Jersey in 1770, or thereabouts, and settled on Brown's Mountain near Driscot, which is yet known as the "McCollam Place," now in the possession of Amos Barlow, Esq. His children were Jacob, Daniel, William, Rebecca, Mary, and Sarah.

Jacob McCollam first settled on the "Jake Place," a mile or so west of Huntersville on the road to Marlinton; thence he went to Illinois, and was killed by a falling tree.

not only to emulate, but to surpass what our ancestry accomplished, and ever strive not only to keep but improve upon what has come to us from their self-sacrificing toils and good names.

JOSEPH MOORE.

Joseph Moore, late of Anthonys Creek, was one of the most widely known citizens of our county in his day. His parents were William Moore and Margaret, his wife. It is believed they came from Rockbridge County about 1780. No known relationship is claimed with other branches of the Moores. They opened up a home on the knoll just south of Preston Harper's, on Knapps Creek, where a rivulet crosses the road. Their house was just below the present road at that point. It was here they lived and died. They were buried on the east side of the creek, on the terrace south of the tenant house now standing there. Persons now living have seen their graves.

These pioneers were the parents of two sons and two daughters: Joseph, John, Mary (Polly), and a daughter whose name seems to be lost to memory.

John Moore went to Kentucky.

Mary was the wife of Colonel John Baxter, who was the first Colonel of the 127th Regiment, and was very prominent in the organization of the county.

Joseph Moore was a soldier in the war of 1812. During his service he met and married Hannah Cady, in East Virginia. She was a native of Connecticut, and was a school teacher, and is spoken of by the older

people as a sprightly person. Soon after his return, Joseph Moore settled on the homestead, building his house between Goelet's residence and the barn. He finally moved to Anthonys Creek.

Their family consisted of five daughters and three sons: Hannah, Sarah, Matilda, Margaret, Abigail, Daniel, Joseph, and Henry Harrison.

Sarah was married to Jackson Bussard, on Anthonys Creek. He was a Confederate soldier, and died in the battle of Dry Creek, near the White Sulphur. J. H. Buzzard, Assessor for Pocahontas, is her son.

Matilda became Mrs Elijah May, on Anthonys Creek. Her sons John and Calvin married Lizzie and Lillie, daughters of Register Moore, near Marlinton.

Margaret was married to Jacob Blizzard, of Greenbrier County, and went west.

Abigail became Mrs John Wade, on Anthonys Creek, and lived there.

Daniel was deputy sheriff under his father. He finally went to Missouri, and became a prominent citizen. He raised and commanded a company of volunteers for service in the Mexican War, and was with Colonel Doniphan in his famous expedition to New Mexico.

Joseph Moore, Junior, went to Braxton County.

Henry Moore married Martha Young, daughter of Captain William Young of Stony Creek, and is now living in Iowa.

Joseph Moore, Esq., was a very prominent citizen in county affairs. He was high sheriff, justice of the peace, and was very much sought after for drawing up

deeds, articles of agreement, and writing wills. His judgment in matters of controversy seems to have been very correct, as but few suits brought contrary to his advice ever succeeded in the courts.

One of my earliest recollections of Squire Moore was when I was a half grown lad, attending school in Huntersville from home in Marlinton. My first lessons in grammar were conned during those morning and evening rides. One playtime I was at 'Governor' Haynes' Hotel on the corner now occupied by the McClintic property. Squire Moore, who had spent the forenoon in the clerk's office with the late Henry M. Moffett, was seen coming up the street very slowly. It was a hot day in summer, and he was in his shirt-sleeves, with his vest unbuttoned and thrown open, and full saddle bags over his shoulder. Mr Haynes calls out: "Squire, you are taking things mighty slow, and move as if you had no business on hand and never had any."

In slow, measured tones the Squire observes, as if he had studied the matter very carefully: "Well, Governor, I have been around here long enough to find out there is no use in being in a hurry about anything except catching fleas."

The 'Governor' was inclined to take offense at this, but the Squire pointed significantly towards the refreshment counter, and in the clinking of glasses the flea trouble was forgotten.

It would require more time and space than is allotted to these memoirs to write out all that might come mind about this interesting man, so we will give only

one more reminiscence. In April, 1848, I spent a rainy afternoon with Squire Moore in a school he was teaching near Sunset, in the old Daugherty building. He showed me a question in arithmetic that puzzled him. He could find the answer called for but it would not "prove out," and he could not be satisfied with anything that would not "prove out."

We put our heads together and found a result that would "prove out," so we both felt that we knew more than the man who wrote the book,—that much of it at least. We lingered after school was out, until it was so near night that when I returned to William Harper's the evening candle was already lighted and placed on the supper table.

After proving out things in our ciphering consultation, we had a talk about the Bible and Christian religion. I was a Bible distributor at that time, as some of the older people may remember. The habit the Squire had of "proving out" things came into evidence again:

"William, you must excuse me if I talk a little plain to you, for you may think strangely of the way I sometimes talk. There are people who think I am an infidel, because I sometimes make remarks they do not agree with. I have studied a good deal about religion, and if you have as much sense as I think you have, you will some day see these things as I do. I always keep a Bible or Testament handy to me when I am at home, and most always carry a Testament in my saddle pockets when away on business.

"Now you must excuse me, William, when I say to

you that in my private opinion there can not be much in the Christian religion if it puts its most earnest and zealous professors to wearing out the knees of their pants in religious services in the fall and winter, and then lets them turn over and wear out the rest of their breeches backsliding during the spring and summer. Somehow, William, it does not prove out to suit my notion what religion should be—provided there is such a thing as religion anyway.”

I felt that Squire Moore was not disposed to discuss personal piety seriously, and the subject was changed. We never met again to compare opinions about any matter. I learn from his friends, however, that during the closing years of his life he gave close attention to his Bible. He has been seen sitting for hours in the shade of an apple tree, with an open Bible on his knee. It is my fervent hope that my aged friend was able to ‘prove out’ that it is a “faithful saying, worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, even the greatest,” and that he was willing to take the sinner’s place and receive the sinner’s salvation; at the same time praying: “Cast me not off in the time of old age, forsake me not when my strength fails.”

ROBERT D. McCUTCHAN.

Among the citizens of our county deserving special notice for industry, hospitality, and good influence on society, Robert Dunlap McCutchan, late of Thomas Creek, is to be remembered as one justly entitled to

Clara Gibson is a teacher in the public schools of Highland; Elizabeth Gibson married J. M. Colaw, of Monterey, Va.; Catherine Gibson is a popular teacher in the Rockbridge public schools.

Martha Lockridge, the fifth daughter, was married to Roger Hickman, of Bath County. Her children were Lanty Hickman, now of Tucker County, and Elizabeth, who is Mrs Stuart Rider, of Bath County.

It has been a pleasure to the writer to collect the material for this sketch, for many of the persons mentioned therein were among the cherished friends of his youth.

As to the personal appearance of this venerable man, it was a common remark of those who had seen Henry Clay that there was a striking resemblance in the form and features of the two men, and that those who had portraits of Henry Clay had nothing to do but scratch out the name and write Lanty Lockridge in place of it, and they would have his picture and one that everybody would recognize. The writer never saw Henry Clay, but he has been often impressed with the portrait he has seen, and is always reminded of our venerable friend by the striking resemblance, so apparent to those who were acquainted with him.

JOSHUA BUCKLEY.

It appears from Authentic tradition that the pioneer settler of the Buckeye neighborhood, four miles south of Marlinton, was Joshua Buckley, at the junction of

Swago Creek with the Greenbrier. It was about the year 1770 or 1775. He came from Winchester, Va., and his wife, Hannah Collins, was a native of Newtown, few miles south of Winchester. John Buckley, their eldest child, was but two weeks old when his parents set out in the month of March on their pack horses for their new home.

Upon their arrival they occupied a deserted hunter's camp, and on the same day Mr Buckley took the suffering, jaded horses to John McNeel's, in the Levels, to procure keeping for them awhile, thus leaving wife and child alone. The wolves howled all night, and she could hear the snapping of their teeth, but she disclaimed all fear. This camp was occupied until a cabin could be built and ground prepared for potatoes and buckwheat.

This family for the first summer subsisted on a bushel and a half of meal, brought with them from Winchester, with potatoes and venison. Mr Buckley could go up Cooks Run and pick out a deer as conveniently as a mutton may now be had, and even more easily.

One of the daughters, Mrs Hetty Kee, the ancestress of the Kee family, when a little girl remembered seeing the Indians very often, and frequently heard them on the ridges overlooking Buckeye, whistling on their powder charges, and making other strange noises as if exchanging signals.

Mr Buckley raised one crop of buckwheat that he often mentioned to illustrate how it would yield. For fear the corn might not ripen enough for bread, he dropped grains of buckwheat between the rows by

hand and covered with a hoe. He planted a half-bushel of seed and threshed out eighty bushels. He carried the nails used in roofing his barn from Winchester. They were hammered out by hand, and cost seventeen cents a pound.

There were frequent alarms from Indian incursions. The women and younger children would be sent to the fort at Millpoint. The older boys would stay around home to look after the stock, with instructions to refuge in a certain hollow log if Indians should be seen passing by.

About the time Joseph Buckley became a grown man, his father had five hogs fattening at the upper end of the orchard. One night a panther came and carried the whole lot to Cooks Run, piled them up, and covered them over with leaves and earth. The father and his sons watched for several nights, and finally the old panther came with her cubs. She was shot and the cubs captured and kept for pets. One was given away, and the other kept until almost grown. It took a great dislike to the colored servants, named Thyatira and Joseph. Young Joe Buckley took much delight in frightening the servants. He would hold the chain and start the panther after them, and would let it almost catch them at times. This would frighten the servants very much, and they cherished great animosity towards the pet, and threatened to put it out of the way. This made the young man uneasy about his panther, and he would not leave it out of doors at night fearing the servants would kill it, and so he made a place for safe keeping near his bed. The beast would

sleep by his side, purring like a kitten, though much louder.

One night the young man was awakened by something strange about his throat. When became conscious he found his pet was licking at his throat, slightly pinching at times with its teeth, then lick awhile and pinch a little harder- This frightened the young man so thoroughly that he sprang to his feet, dragged it out of doors and dispatched it at once.

JOHN SHARP.

Among the persons settling in what is now Pocahontas County early in the century, John Sharp, Senior, a native of Ireland, is richly deserving of more than passing notice. He is the ancestor of the families of that name that constitute such a marked proportion of the Frost community, and have been identified with that vicinity for the past 91 years. Previous to the Revolution he came in with the tide of Scotch-Irish immigration that spread over Pennsylvania and New Jersey, and thence moved south, and finally located in Rockingham County, Virginia. His wife was Margaret Blaine, whose parents resided in the vicinity of Rawley Springs. She was a relative of Rev. John S. Blaine, one of the pioneer Presbyterian pastors in our country.

After a residence of several years in Rockingham County, Mr Sharp came to Pocahontas to secure land for the use of his large and industrious family, and he succeeded well, and saw them well fixed in life all

emigrated to the far west.

Truly, our attention has been given to a family group whose history is suggestive and instructive. Samuel Waugh and Ann McGuire, his wife, imbued with the faith and energy so peculiar to the genuine Scotch-Irish, endured all that is implied in rearing a family of fourteen sons and daughters, and all living to be adults. The sons all lived to be grown, and not one was ever known to use tobacco or ardent spirits in any form. This seems scarcely credible, yet it is asserted to be a pleasing truth. Samuel Waugh was one of the original members of the old Mount Zion Church—one of the strongholds of its denomination for so many years. His history shows that in the face of pioneer hindrances and privations sons and daughters may be reared that may faithfully serve God and support their country in their day and generation.

JOSIAH BEARD.

So far as we have authentic information, the Beard relationship trace their ancestry to John Beard, the pioneer of Renicks Valley, Greenbrier County. He was of Scotch-Irish antecedents, his parents having migrated from the north of Ireland. While a young man he had his parental home in Augusta County, in the bounds of John Craig's congregation, and no doubt helped to build the old Stone Church and the forts spoken of elsewhere, and may have heard the very sermons Craig preached, opposing the people who were thinking of going back to Pennsylvania or over

the Blue Ridge towards Williamsburg.

His valley home was in the vicinity of New Hope, and after attaining his majority he came to Greenbrier County, and commenced keeping bachelor's hall at the head of Renicks Valley, on lands now occupied by Abram Beard, a grandson. This was about 1770, and though unmarried, John Beard secured land, built a cabin, and cleared ground for cropping.

While living in this isolated manner, some Indians came along and liberally helped themselves to whatever they could find in the way of something to eat; and when they went on their way took the pioneer's gun, dog, and only horse.

It so occurred that Mr Beard was absent that day. It is thought he had gone over to Sinking Creek on a social visit to the Wallace family, old neighbors in Augusta, and whose coming to Greenbrier possibly had its influence with the young bachelor.

When young Beard returned and saw what liberties his visitors had taken in his absence, he looked up the trail and started in pursuit. Upon following the sign for some miles in the direction of Spring Creek, he heard the horse's bell. Guided by the sound he came upon two Indians in camp. They seemed to be very sick, and Mr Beard supposed it was from over eating raw bacon and johnny cake they had taken from his own larder. One appeared to be convulsed with paroxysms of nausea; the other was lying before the fire vigorously rubbing his belly with a piece of bacon, on homeopathic principles that like cures like.

Seeing his own gun near a tree and his own dog ly-

ing by it, he crawled near to get the gun, but the dog fiercely growled, and he was forced to withdraw quietly as he came, and leave the two sick Indians unmolested. He thereupon went to his horse, silenced the bell and succeeded in getting the animal away.

About this time, or soon after, Mr Beard seemed to realize there was nothing in single blessedness for him and he and Miss Janet Wallace were married by taking a trip to Staunton and making their wishes known to the rector of the imperial parish that extended from the the Blue Ridge to the Pacific ocean. In their pioneer home in Renicks Valley they reared a numerous family of sons and daughters, one of the sons being Josiah Beard, lately of Locust Creek. This paper will be mainly for the illustration of his personal and family history, as his name appears so prominently in our county history. Mr Beard was the first Clerk of the County after its organization and served in that capacity during the formative period of the county's history.

His wife, Rachel Cameron Poage, was the eldest daughter of Major William Poage, of Marlins Bottom. The names of their children are given in the paper relating to Jacob Warwick and his descendants.

He was an expert hunter, and found recreation in hunting deer upon the hills and ridges that make Huntersville scenery so picturesque. He killed scores of fine deer during his residence at the court house, and rarely went beyond the immediate vicinity in quest of game, unless it would be occasional visits to Marlins Bottom for a chase. It proved however that there were attractions to draw him there of a more pleasant

and romantic nature.

He seemed to have his own ideas as to how he could best promote the interests of the county, and would sometimes carry them out. While residing at Locust Creek he set out one morning to attend court. On the way near his home he discovered fresh wolf signs. He hastened back, got his gun and called up the dogs, and sent Aaron, a colored servant, who was also a skilful hunter and a dead shot, to beat the laurel brake and drive out the wolves. Quite a number were killed and the pack retreated from the neighborhood so far back into the mountains as to give no further trouble.

In the meantime, court met and adjourned owing to the absence of the clerk. That official however was present next morning and explained the reasons of his absence, believing it would do the people more good to have the wolves killed and scattered than to hold court that day. Court could meet most any time, but it was not every day that such a good chance to kill wolves could be had.

He was a stanch friend of education, and was one of the first trustees of the Pocahontas Academy at Hillsboro, and one of its most faithful patrons and wise counselors. In business affairs he was successful, and in a quiet, judicious, industrious manner acquired a very extensive landed estate; the larger proportion of which is yet in the possession of his descendants.

His passion for hunting was strong to the last. Every fall he would get restless, and nothing but a hunt would quiet him. One of the last excursions to the mountains, though far advanced in age, he was the

only one that killed a deer. On his return he would chaff his younger associates by telling all he met on the way that the young men had taken him along to kill their meat for them.

He retained remarkable bodily vigor to the age of four score and over; and his mental faculties were unimpaired to the last. Not many days before his final illness that closed his life, he felt it his duty to see the county surveyor on important business—as he believed it to be—and should be attended to without delay. He went from his home on Locust Creek to Mr Baxter's near Edray, about twenty miles distant, and returned—a cold, raw day it was, too. He overtaxed his endurance by the ride. He soon became sick, and peacefully passed from his long and useful life.

In his life was exemplified the highest type of the citizen—a pious, intelligent cultivator of the soil—the occupation for which the Creator saw fit in his wisdom to create the first man. It is the occupation now that feeds the world, and whatever hinders, depresses, or retards the farmers prosperity, threatens the worst evils that can befall our humanity.

DAVID JAMES.

David James, Senior, was one of the first settlers of the Droop neighborhood, in Lower Pocahontas. He was from Norfolk, Virginia. It is believed he came here soon after the Revolution, and located for awhile near the head of Trump Run, on property now owned by Richard Callison. He then lived some years at the



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Deaths

Walter Nelson

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Walter Nelson, 74, of Arbo-
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Leslie E. Montgomery retired October 31, after a total of thirty-five years and one day with the Soil Conservation Service, during which time he maintained an unusual record of safety, operating a government vehicle without involvement in any accident, and planned more than 2700 farm plans. He has remained longer as a farm planner than anyone else in the state and was never transferred.

Mr. Montgomery came to Pocahontas County in March, 1945, as Work Unit Leader, after serving 2 years in the U. S. Army Air Force as an instructor for fighter pilots. Prior to that he was the agronomist for the U.S.D.A. in Monroe County and contact man for a C C C camp doing soil conservation work, one of three in West Virginia and among the first in the nation doing this work.

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Mr. Montgomery, Walter Jett, Calvin Price, and Dr. Dick McClung organized the Pocahontas Farming for Better Living and got the program going in 1946. This program ended with a big banquet this past week.

Born in Tyler County May 18, 1905, he attended one-room schools, completing the eighth grade at Short Run School. Following a semester at Salem Academy, he went to Pennsboro High School, participating in all sports and breaking the state 440 record in track. In 1924 he entered West Virginia University where he was a member of Theta Chi Fraternity and captain of the 1928 University track team and established a new quarter mile record that stood for about ten years. He served as an assistant recreation director for Morgantown in the summer.

After receiving his Bachelor of Science degree in Agronomy in 1928.